The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

Susie and her Pussy.

A TRUE STORY.

Our darling little Susie,
Went out one summer day,
Upon the sloping hillside,
And by the brook to play.

She gathered woodbine blossoms
To twine amid her hair;
Bright as they were, they could not make
The sunny curls more fair.

At last, with dancing footsteps,
She sought the water-side,
To watch the tiny fishes
Adown its ripples glide.

A step misplaced — a pebble —
Our darling Susie fell,
Amid the glancing waters,
With none to hear or tell.

With none to hear? Oh! never
Earth's weakest one shall fall
Or stumble, without knowledge
Of One who loveth all.

* * * * *

Our Susie's petted pussy
Had followed to the brink;
Afraid, with piteous mew, she stood,
And saw poor Susie sink.

* * * * *

Our mother, calmly sewing
Within her happy home,
Was much amazed to see, with haste,
The frightened kitty come.

Puss, mewing, pulled her apron, —
Looked piteous in her face,
Then darted down the hill-side
As if to run a race.

Still back again, imploring,
And scratching at her dress;
Till what could ail the kitty,
Dear mother could not guess.

But she's so tender-hearted!
The work was laid aside —
And following kitty soon she came
Unto the water side.

There lay our darling Susie,
Face downward, 'neath the wave;
Our mother's hurrying footsteps
Were just in time to save!

Long lay she on her pillow
With face almost as white,
Before she quite recovered
To be our household's light.

Now, as she pets the pussy
Who rescued from the wave,
She lisping says, "Dod sent you
Your 'ittle Sue to save."

Mrs. Julia A. Carney.

For the Myrtle.

Only a Week.

CHAPTER XVII.

The boys moved away slowly down the wharf, quite reluctant to leave their new-found friend.

"I say John," said Alf, "I wish that man's brig 'Magdalen' was going to China, and we were going in her."

"Yes, I wish so too; for I liked him very much."

"We never shall fall into better hands."

"I wonder if we can find him again when we come back; if we do come back this way."

"I hope so. But we never asked him his name."

"So we didn't. I will run back and ask him now."

With the word, away Alf ran, and came up

with his friend just as he was about to board the Magdalen, which was lying at the wharf close by where they had been talking.

"I say," he called out to him.

"*You say*, what? That's one way to call after a man; *I say*, before you have said anything."

"Well," said Alf, laughing at the sailor's bluff manner, "I *do say* nevertheless that I would like to know what we may call you, so that if we come and enquire we may be sure to find you."

"Well, I haven't any cards by me," said the sailor, "and I don't know whether you young *gentlemen* would know any other way of getting at this business."

"Oh, yes, I think I could remember your name without a card."

"Well, what if I haint got any name?"

"Oh, I think you're not quite so bad off as that. Everybody has *some* name."

"Then I'm nobody. For I haven't got any name."

"What do they call you?"

"They call me Cap'n and that's name enough."

"Then you're Captain of the Magdalen, are you?"

"Well, yes. I reckon I am. She haint had no other Cap'n these ten years. I should think she ought to know me by that name by this time."

"Thank you. I shall be sure to remember and enquire for the Captain of the Magdalen if I come back this way."

"You'll find him at his post, and ready to help a fellow-skipper if he can."

"Thank you, thank you, and good-bye again."

Alf ran away laughing. When he overtook John, who was sauntering slowly along the wharf, John said:

"What are you laughing at now?"

"I was laughing at that sailor's funny ways. He calls us fellow-*skippers*. Now I never heard of skippers before except in cheese, but I don t suppose he did *really* mean to call us maggots."

"Oh nonsense, Alf. A skipper means the commander of a small ship, and I suppose common sailors are sometimes called skippers too."

"Well, I think it is a very good name for them. But it sounded funny enough to me at first."

"If we are to be skippers we must skip away down these wharves till we find a China bound vessel, and get aboard of her if we can."

"I shall be glad enough when we get settled."

"And so shall I. It seems to me as if it were a month since we left home."

"It is only three days."

"Oh yes. It *must* be more than that."

"Well, I don't see how you are going to make it more. We left home Monday night."

"But we have travelled night and day, and that doubles the time when you make so little break for sleep as we have done. And you see we have had four nights of it; and then this day is nearly half gone. So you see it *is* more than three days."

"Yes, a little more; but it *seems* more like three months than three days to me."

"So it does to me. I wonder if all the weeks will seem as long to us. If they do, we shall be old men before our time."

"I think it will not be so when we get to sea. I have heard it said that the days pass very quickly there; and that you can hardly tell where the months have gone, they are so soon spent when you are away from shore."

"Why I can hardly see why this should be so, can you?"

"Yes, I think I can. It is because all the days are so much alike. If you have ever noticed it, it is so on shore. The time seems much shorter that is marked by few events."

"I don't know but it does, and that is why this week seems such a long one to us."

"Well, it will come to an end, as all weeks do at last. But I hope it hasn't many more as uncomfortable events as some that have been crowded into it."

"I hope not, I am sure. But we cannot tell what is before us. It is our part to take what comes with brave hearts. We can do as much as that."

The boys had kept their feet in motion as rapidly as their tongues, and now John says:

"I think we *must* be in the vicinity of the China ships."

"Yes, I think so. We have walked a long way since we left the skipper of the Magdalen."

"Let us enquire if these are ships for China."

"Let's pick a right good-looking ship before we stop. There's nothing like beginning right."

"Well, I'm agreed. I don't care how good-looking the ship is in which I sail, but I don't know that we shall gain much after all, for we can only see the outside of a ship and I don't think the looks of the outside will make much difference to us after we are in her."

"No, probably not. But the outside and inside of a ship must have something to do with

one another. If one looks well, I think the other must be something like it."

"Oh, you think that sailors never have the outside of the platter clean while the inside is—"

"Oh, pray don't finish that quotation. I should be sorry to think of any ship as 'full of ravening and wickedness."

. "I am sure I should be sorry if it chanced to be the one that I had engaged to make a voyage in."

"Yonder is the ship we want, I am sure," said Alf.

"Which one?"

"The fourth one from here."

"What makes you take a fancy to that one? It is not nearly as large as some that we have seen."

"No, it is not as large, but it suits me better than any of the larger ones."

"Why does it suit you better?"

"I can hardly tell, but it does. It looks more home like."

"Very well. I don't see what you see in it, but I am quite willing to try it. I guess we shall find that our comfort depends more upon the kind of men that are on the ship than on the ship itself."

"Well, we cannot tell what the men are like on any of them until we go and see."

"Well, let us make the trial."

"What shall we do? Go right on board of her?"

"We shall probably see some of the men belonging to her when we get near. We will speak to them."

Coming close to the ship, they found no one in sight about her.

"Shall we go on board?" said Alf.

"Yes, I think so."

With these words they walked onto the deck of the ship.

Scarcely had their feet touched the deck, when a little man popped up from behind one of the spars where he had been lying, and said with a voice sharp enough to almost cut the ears that it entered,

"What are you doing here?"

"We don't seem to be doing anything just yet," Alf replied, laughing; for the savage tones of the little man rather amused than frightened him.

"Well, what are you here after?" said the sharp voice again.

"We are after a little information, and would like first to know—"

"Get along off with you," interrupted the cross little man. "We don't want you here.'

"But will you not tell me—"

"No! no!" thundered the man, more savagely than ever, "I won't tell you anything but to be gone."

"Hear a civil question, won't you?"

"No. I wan't put here to answer questions. It's my business to keep these decks clear of stragglers, and I'll tend to my business in a way that won't suit you, if you don't get you gone in less than ten seconds."

As he said these words, the little man seized a belaying pin and flew at the boys with a look that made them certain that he was about to strike with it.

They did not wait for the blow, but turned and with quick steps betook themselves to the wharf again. *Mrs. E. M. Bruce.*

The Earth is full of his Riches.

THE God of nature and of grace
In all His works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

Beho'd this fair and fertile globe,
By Him in wisdom plann'd;
'Twas He who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

Lift to the arch of heaven your eye,
Thither His path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

The forests in His strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

Here, on the hills, He feeds His herds,
His flocks on yonder plains;
His praise is warbled by the birds;
Oh! could we catch their strains

In every stream His bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth!
In every breeze His spirit blows—
The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If God has made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found!

For the Myrtle.

The Picture.

'TWAS a picture painted with rarest skill
In brightest colors that e'er was seen;
Fashioned its curious frame to fill,
And framed in splendors of gold and green.

Ruth and Naomi pictured there
Told their tale from the Bible page;
Ruth in her beauty young and fair,
Naomi bowed with the woes of age.

Where did the children find this prize,
All in its gay and golden state,
Fit to dazzle their wondering eyes?—
'Twas all to be seen in a china plate!

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

A First of May.

IT was May time. The London chimney sweepers were holding the first of their annual three days' pageant called collectively, "Jack in the Green,"—though strictly speaking *the* "Jack in the Green" consisted of a man who concealed himself within a wooden pyramid covered with ivy leaves, which he caused slowly to revolve,whilst these danced around it,—"My Lord" in a tail coat, a huge three-cornered paper hat decorated with strips of wall paper and feathers, and wearing an imitation sword at his side —and "My Lady," usually dressed in dirty white skirts, black cotton velvet waist, straw hat trimmed with faded artificial flowers, and invariably holding in her hand a brass soup ladle with which to collect pence. Then there were two clowns with faces horribly disfigured with colored chalks, and little boys covered with strips of colored paper, carrying brushes and shovels, and a man who performed on the pandean pipes and beat the drum at the same time.

I was at Annie Yolland's, and we both stood at the dining room window, watching the "Jack in the Greens" in a street directly opposite. We especially enjoyed seeing "My Lord" bowing to and dancing at "My Lady," who as it were butted in return, and held out the ladle to the assembled crowd with the same dignity as though it had been a sceptre.

"I wonder what the little boys with brushes and shovels are meant for?" said I.

"Oh!" exclaimed Annie, "don't you know? They are meant for the climbing boys, who used to have to go up the chimneys to clean them because grown up people were too big, and they had to get up very early in the morning, and walk sometimes ever so long distances, and with bare feet, in the coldest weather, to people's houses, and sometimes the chimney flues were so narrow that the boys got jammed in, and couldn't get up any farther, then their horrid masters would say it was all laziness, and prick their feet, or burn some straw under them, so that the pain might force the boys to go higher; and sometimes the fires were already hot, and when they got jammed they would stay there for hours struggling, till they died."

"Oh, Annie! how awful! I knew that they used to go up chimneys, but all I thought of was how the soot must make them sneeze, and how difficult it must be to wash their face and hands and get them white again."

"Well, I know it's true, for a sweep told Ann all about it the last time grandpa Yolland's chimneys were swept."

"Oh, Annie! how could your grandfather allow him to go up his chimney?"

Here Annie smiled and replied:

"He couldn't have gone up the chimney, even if grandpa had wished him to, for he was a very fat man, and not a boy; besides, climbing boys are not allowkd now, and they have machinery instead."

"How glad I am! but Annie did you ever hear

a true story about a little sweep boy who was discovered to be a young nobleman?"

Annie said that she never had heard it but would like to.

"Well, then," said I, "mamma told it to me this morning, and I'll tell it to you. There was once a widow lady named the Honorable Mrs. Montagu, and one day her dear little boy was lost, and though people enquired everywhere nothing could be heard of him, and ever so long afterwards a sweep came to clean the chimneys, and he brought a little climbing boy with him, and sent him up the chimney. But the boy did not come down to the same place, but got out into one of the splendid bed-rooms, and as he was dreadfully tired, he went up to one of the magnificent bedsteads, opened the sheets, and though he was covered with soot, lay down between them, and fell fast asleep. Well, the housekeeper went to the room, and was astonished to see his little black face amongst the clean pillows, but she noticed that he had very pretty features, (noble looking, you know, Annie) and he spoke with such a sweet voice, that she was full of wonder and admiration, and told the family all about it. After she had washed his face, she brought him before them, and when they saw him, and heard his voice, and noticed his manners, they said that he reminded them of their lost boy, and soon felt quite sure that it *was* he. But he could not remember anything about himself, and so they could not learn how he had been lost to them. His mother asked the master sweep and he said that he found the little boy crying in the streets, and as he said he had no home, took him to his own, and brought him up to his own business and treated him kindly. Well, then they gave some money to the man, and kept their child; and in memory of finding her son, the honorable Mrs. Montagu, every first of May as long as she lived, gave a dinner at White Conduit House to all the climbing boys who chose to go."

"And is that really a true story, Clelia?"

"Why of course, Annie! when mamma said it was, and mamma told me too that once instead of 'Jack in the Greens' they used to have 'Milkmen' and 'Milkmaids' dancing about, ornamented with brass and tin pails, and cups and measures, as well as flowers and ribbons, and they had bells for music."

Clelia Lega Weeks.

(To be concluded.)

Grandmother's Sermon.

THE supper is over, the hearth is swept,
And in the wood fire's glow
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time so long ago,

When grandmother's hair was golden-brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that was scarcely sweeter then
Than now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is gray;
But the light that shone in the young girl's eye
Has never gone away.

And her needles catch the fire's bright light
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma loves,
Shaping the stocking toe.

And the waiting children love it too,
For they know the stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandma's lips,
Which they shall hear ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time
To grandma's heart to-night;
Only a sermon, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
"And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.

With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gay colored, and some are white,
And some are ashen gray;

But most are made of many a hue,
With many a stitch set wrong;
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

There are long, plain spaces without a break,
That in youth are hard to bear;
And many a weary tear is dropped,
As we fashion the heel with care.

But the saddest, happiest time is that
Which we court, and yet would shun,
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,
And says that our work is done."

The children came to say good-night,
With tears in their bright, young eyes;
While in grandma's lap, with a broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

I'LL tell mother of you!" said one little girl to another. "Tell her!" answered Maggie; "you cannot tell her anything naughty of me that I don't tell her myself." That is right. Let every boy and girl tell mother when they do wrong, and I am sure they will not keep doing it, and will be all the better for their frankness.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The Society at Charlestown has appropriated from the funds of the parish two hundred dollars for the benefit of its Sunday Schools.

CONNECTICUT.

—The Sunday School at Hartford celebrated its anniversary on the 17th of April, which was made interesting not only by the reports of the school for the past year, but also by an interesting review of its history, given by several of the former Superintendents who were present. The school now numbers three hundred and twenty, and has a library of over eight hundred volumes. The income of the school for the year was nearly seven hundred dollars, of which one hundred was given to St. Paul's Sunday School at the time of its calamity.

NEW JERSEY.

—The Sunday School at Newark, on the recent removal of their pastor, Rev. Sumner Ellis, and his wife, showed by a pleasing testimonial to the latter their appreciation of her labors and influence in their midst. The gift was a gold watch of beautiful design and fine workmanship. Mr. Ellis was similarly remembered by the parish.

From Canton.

The following notice of the death of a beloved member of the Sunday School in Canton, is received from a former pastor of the Society. It is a beautiful thing to see one so early called away as was this young girl, so sweetly remembered for her goodness and bright promise of years never to be realized:—

LUCY FRENCH.

Five years ago I happened to spend a Sunday in Canton. The sweetest memory of that day is of a quiet, pleasant girl, who came across the street to visit the daughter of the gentleman with whom I was spending the evening. They played and sang the hymns which they had learned at Sunday School, and never were hymns sung more sweetly. Afterwards, I came to know Lucy better. She was always the same sweet, pure-hearted girl. Always ready and willing to do her part; always patient with the world though its ways were sometimes hard for her.

To-day her Sunday School Teacher writes me that she has been called to her heavenly home. Just as she was unfolding into womanhood, just as she had begun to enter into life, even as she had but commenced to do her part of the work of the world, out of all that life had promised her she was called away. Being well prepared to live in this world, she was therefore well fitted for the life beyond.

Her years, though few, were not spent in vain. Such a life, however short, is worth more to us all and has a greater influence in the world than any of us realize. It must have been in memory of such a one as Lucy, that Whittier wrote those beautiful lines, —

"Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that reaches heaven.

So pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, her voice —
A sound which could not die.

The blessings of her quiet life,
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts where her footsteps pressed
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
That He, whose love exceedeth ours,
Hath taken home his child." G. W. P.

Lost Ones.

We are told in the New Testament that Jesus came into our world "to seek and to save that which was lost." Who are these lost ones? They are all who are ignorant of God, who are living away from the light and blessing of his truth.

When we hear that something is lost, we understand that there is an owner of this lost thing, whatever it may be. Men who are lost have an owner, one who has a right to claim them. They belong to their gracious Creator and Father. Jesus comes to seek and to find them, and bring them home to their Father's house. The world is full of lost souls, who are needing to have Christ come to them. What can we do to aid him in this heavenly work?

Good overcomes Evil.

Good only can overcome evil. The Jews accused Jesus of casting out devils by an evil power. But Jesus answered them, "If Satan cast out Satan, he is divided against himself. How then shall his kingdom stand?" No! evil will not destroy evil. Hatred cannot be overcome by hatred. Sin will not be put away by sin. If we would cure ourselves of wrong, we must do so by having the truth and the right deal with us. If we would overcome the wrong there is in the world, this must be done by the powers which Jesus would have us employ, heavenly truth and love. If God was not love, he could not overcome all wrong. But the power of his love can destroy sin, and so save men from its dominion.

"Gather them In."

We have a sweet Sabbath School Hymn entitled "Gather them in," and many of our young friends like to sing it. Let them try to do some of the work which the hymn says should be done by all friends of the Sabbath School; let them seek to bring others in. All children may become Christian missionaries in this way. Think of this, children, you who enjoy the Sabbath School. Make exertions to bring new scholars into it. Do not forget poor children, those who have but few opportunities to improve themselves. Look after them; "gather them into the Sunday School!" See if you cannot find one, at least, before the next Sabbath.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LXXXV.

CHRIST BLESSES LITTLE CHILDREN.

"That ye may be the children of your Father in heaven."

SCRIPTURE,—Math. xix. 13–15. Mark x. 13–16. Luke xviii. 15–17.

Question. — Who were brought to Jesus to receive his blessing?

Answer. — Mark x. 13.

Q. — What was the age of these children?

A. — Luke xviii. 15.

Q. — What did those who brought the children wish Jesus to do to them?

A. — Mark x. 13.

Q. — What else did they wish Jesus to do for them?

A. — Math. xix. 13.

Q. — What did the disciples do to those who brought them?

A. — Mark x. 13.

NOTE. It seemed to the disciples that the greater affairs of Christ were being interfered with by unimportant ones. But Jesus, looking to the future more than the present, established the fact that the church of Christ must not think lightly of children and their religious education and training.

Q. — How was Jesus affected by the conduct of his disciples?

A. — Mark x. 14.

Q. — What did he say to his disciples should be permitted?

A. — Mark x. 14.

Q. — What did he say was the condition of entering the kingdom of heaven?

A. — Mark x. 15.

NOTE. They must commence a new life, thrusting away all the prejudices and ambitions which would prevent them from being willing and ready learners in the school of Christ.

Q. — After Jesus had taught this lesson, what did he do?

A. — Mark x. 16.

Hidden Seed

Enigma No. 1.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 10, 15, 16 9, 10, 6, is a book contained in the Bible.

My 3, 15, 1, 14, 5, was situated about three miles from Rome.

My 2, 4, 15, 12, 5, 14, was an old and faithful friend of David.

My 7, 10, 8, 13, 5, 6, 11, 2, was a Roman Governor of the fourth of the province.

My whole was a part of Peter's declaration to Christ.

Bessie Putnam.

Enigma No. 2.

1. The transgression of law.
2. What Christ is with the Father for us.
3. The answer of a good conscience.
4. The witnesses of Christ's resurrection.
5. A type of Heaven.
6. Because of which Christ was exalted.
7. Should always be spoken.
8. The great sin of the Pharisees.
9. A field of blood.
10. Should be loved as one's self.
11. What Christ is now making for us.

My whole signifies "thou hast forsaken me."

Enigma No. 3.

1. And in the fourth watch of the night he came to them, walking on the sea.
2. And he brought him to Jesus.
3. Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water.
4. He demanded of them where Christ should be born.
5. How can I, except some man should guide me?
6. Except I see the print of the nails I will not believe.
7. Her daughter danced before them, and pleased Herod.

A son of Noah.

Answers.

APRIL 27. No. 1, Jonah.

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